



THE RICHES OF IRELAND.

I often heard big English men
 Aye, & Irishmen w^h call it too
 While speaking of th^e Emerald Sod
 Say poor "ould r^e land" worra sthru,
 But all we ever cou^d read about
 Th^e Isle of Saints we've found it each
 Never to lack of wealth or lore
 For Ireland has been always rich

CHORUS

More glory to you paddy's land
 Each blade of grass round tower & round tower
 The world may gossamer as it may
 For Ireland has been always rich

Ain't Ireland r^e ch in history
 Go read the lives of Iers' Kings
 That's handed down by b^rds who play'd
 On Golden Harps with silver strings
 From Malachi of the Collar of Gold
 To Brian Boro hme who cleared the strand
 At Fontenoy we can boast w^ere rich
 And valian' deeds in Paddaland

Who can say that Ireland's poor
 With sons whose arms d^rg & delves
 In mines of wealth & gold galore
 But can't keep the produce thens lives
 Her mountain fields of golden corn
 Are reaped—the richest in the world
 By arms whose on the battle field
 A s^h rangers banner oft unfurled

Ireland's Orator and wit—
 Sunbeam and Irish diamonds bright,
 Are shining from the names of men
 Who sought to bask in roodous light
 Great as words are down in gold
 And our ans wit illumines his fame
 What Irishman will e'er forget
 O Connell; the Liberator's Name

And still be rich old Fahe land
 While e'er thy sons prove true to thee
 The faithless traitors cast away
 Like rotten branches from a tree
 Other lands may jestous be
 For the savage loves his native shore
 Why not I love thee gramachree
 The Shamrock Land for evermore